OUR DADS IN SCHOOL.

HOW THEY USED TO CATCH IT FOR PLAYING HOOKEY.

The Old-Time Pedagogue Was as Full of Ingenious Tortures as an Egg Is of Meat—A Few Samples of His Cruelty.

Moral Suasion by Physical Force.

The abolition of corporal punishment from the schools in many States is one of the most noteworthy advancements made in the cause of education during recent years. In various country schools in New England and in a great part of the West and South severe methods of compelling obedience still are used, and it is the controlling powers of these schools that the writer desires to reach by this set of drawings.

The records show that children have been much more tractable since the substitution of moral for corporal punishments. The old adage, "Spare the rod and spoil the child," seems no longer to be the established principle of school government among progressive teachers. A punishment which is said to have been very severe, was seating the culprit on the end of an upright log of wood. The log by reason of its small diameter formed a most uncomfortable seat, and although not particularly annoying for the first few minutes, at the end of half an hour or more became nothing less than torture. A most fatiguing performance was holding a book out at arm's length. This was nothing less than cruel, but whenever

VERY UNCOMFORTABLE.

the boy's arm dropped from its horizontal position he received a gentle reminder of a switch across the legs which made him raise his hand. The weight of the hand and arm itself is enough to bring the arm down to the side in a very few minutes; but with a book boys have often succumbed to the fatigue.

The modes of punishment a posteriori are numberless, and the most finished masters in this style of corporal punishment were found among the English schoolmasters in the earlier part of this century. Dr. Butler, of Shrews-

A CRUEL TORTURE.

bury school, was one of the noted floggers of his day; but Keate, of Eton, whose dominion lasted from 1809 to 1834, seems to have established a record for all time. An old book in the possession of the bureau of education describes the old fellow in a very entertaining way. On one occasion when a confirmation service was to be held in the school, each master was requested to make out and send in a list of the candidates in his form. One of them wrote down the names on the first piece of paper which came to hand, and which happened unluckily to be one of

A POSTERIORI METHOD.

the slips, of well-known style and shape, used as flogging bills, and sent up regularly with the names of delinquents for execution. The list was put into Keate's hands without explanation. He sent for the boys in the regular course, and, in spite of all protestations on their part, pointed to the master's signature in the fatal bill and flogged them all then and there. Another day a culprit who was due for punishment could nowhere be found and the doctor was kept waiting on the scene of action for some time in a state of considerable exasperation. In an evil moment for himself a namesake of the defaulter passed the door. He was seized at once by Keate's order and brought to the block as a vicarious sacrifice—a second Sir M..go Malagrow-

THE WHIPPING BLOCK.

ther. Etonians who were flogged by Dr. Keate narrated their experiences on the flogging block with a pride which savored of the heroic. They boasted of their master's prowess with admiration and spoke of the number of boys Keate could finish off in workmanlike style in twenty minutes. Rapid as the performance was, there was as much ceremony observed in the operation as possible. The doctor was always most courteous both before and after his exercise, in which he was assisted by two collegians, who held their companion on the block.

In the Country School.

The problem here is: Given a school of, say, forty pupils, from five to eighteen years of age, in one room, and with one teacher; to find the best method of instruction. The pupils possess very unequal attainments. These pupils need instruction adapted to their needs each term. The health of teacher and pupil limits each session to about six hours. Further, good instruction must be given in all the common branches.

It is not, of course, possible for us teachers to instruct each pupil separately in each branch. Hence the nonclassification system must be abandoned. This plan of individual instruction is feasible only in a very small school. I do not think there ever was the unclassified school of which teachers are now hearing so much. No attempt was made in the first schools of which I know in arithmetic. This lack of classification was of undoubted advantage to the few smart pupils, but not to ninety-five per cent.

The graded school solution; i. e., on the plan of the city schools. This separates the pupils into at least sixteen grades, which gives at least forty-eight daily class exercises. Such a classification of the one-teacher school is evidently impossible.

The course of instruction must be flexible; smoothness and order must often be sacrificed to the health of teacher and pupil.

A third solution of the problem is the three-grade s[illegible] is based upon the phy[illegible] develop-ment—[illegible] and th[illegible] [illegible] The pupils from [illegible] re-classified. The essential p[illegible] here is that the work of each grade be completed before the pupil is advanced into the next grade.

What the public schools need is such an organization as will allow its own teachers and diversely advanced pupils to make the most progress with the best preservation of time and health.—The Public School Journal.

Morality in Colleges.

From this distance it appears that Mrs. Poteat, of New Haven, was both right and wrong in her criticisms upon student life at Yale. It is not altogether unnecessary for college authorities to be reminded occasionally that they may not have exerted all the influence in their power to guard students against wayward propensities and against seductive surroundings. At the same time it is unfortunate to publish criticism which make evil appear a more predominant factor than it really is. There are probably few colleges in the country in which no students contract vicious habits of any sort, either temporarily or permanently. No supervision within the power of college authorities can make young men utterly unassailable. Whether colleges are professedly under religious control or not, they ought to maintain conditions more conducive to the development of strong character than those which prevail elsewhere. Colleges are likely to satisfy this requirement most successfully, not by creating arbitrary conditions in the college community, sharply contrasted with the conditions of the larger community of which they are part, but by developing the ambition and power of students to conduct themselves in a manly way when within reach of temptations of which the world is full.—Baptist Standard.

Just Missed It.

Abraham Hayward, the famous Quarterly reviewer, once thought that he would like to have some ancestors, so he walked straight to a picture dealer's. Selecting a portrait of a cavalier in half armor, with features not quite unlike his own, Mr. Hayward made a bid for it, but deeming the price asked too high, he went his way. A few days later Mr. Hayward went to dine with Lord Houghton, and was astonished to find the picture in the dining-room. Seeing that it attracted his guest's attention Lord Houghton said: "Very good picture that! Came into my hands in a curious way. Portrait of Milnes of the Commonwealth period—an ancestor of mine." "Ah, indeed!" said Mr. Hayward; "he was very near being an ancestor of mine."

SUPPOSE WE SMILE.

HUMOROUS PARAGRAPHS FROM THE COMIC PAPERS.

Pleasant Incidents Occurring the World Over—Sayings That Are Cheerful to the Old or Young—Funny Selections That Everybody Will Enjoy Reading.

A Bigger Target.

"Dear me!" said Mrs. Wickwire, looking up from her paper, "but women are getting brave nowadays."

"Brave?" echoed Mr. Wickwire.

"Yes. Here is a story about a woman who shot a mouse. She—pshaw! I read it wrong. It was only a moose."—Indianapolis Journal.

Even with Him.

Old Meanfusser—Me give you anything? No, I won't. You're a fraud. You're not blind at all.

The Indignant One—If I wasn't blind d'yer think I'd ask such a miserable, mean-lookin' cove as you for anything?—Oakland Times.

Brain Trouble.

She—Chollie has brain trouble.

He—Is that so? What kind?

She—It troubles him to think.—Detroit Free Press.

A Diminished Fish Story.

"So long!"

"How long?"

Always Pays.

Jinks—To-day I pleased a pretty woman by telling her that a certain red-faced, snub-nosed, baldheaded mortal looked like her.

Winks—Get out!

Jinks—The red-faced, snub-nosed, bald-headed mortal was her first baby. —New York Weekly.

Cumulative Evidence.

"You ought to be very proud of your wife. She is a brilliant talker."

"You're right there."

"Why, I could listen to her all night."

"I often do."—Texas Siftings.

Too High.

"You should live near heaven," said the preacher to the editor.

"I know it," replied the editor, "but these mountain lots come so high."—Atlanta Constitution.

A Great Head.

Sapsmith (triumphantly) — Baw jawve, deah boy, I've got a great head for business!

Noonah—I wondah!

Sapsmith—Yahs! Owed me tilah neahly foah hundwed dollahs, dawn't he knaw, and he put the account up at auction, and baw jawve, I bought it foh 17 cents!—Harper's Bazar.

In the Opera-Box.

Marie—I don't think people ought to judge women by their clothes.

Estelle—Nor I. I wouldn't like any man to judge me by my opera gown.

Marie—He would have a mighty low opinion of you, wouldn't he? (And now they don't speak.)—New York World.

Malicious.

"Emilie, is my wife nearly ready?"

"No, baron. You will have to wait a little while. Her maid has mislaid part of the baroness."—Fliegende Blatter.

Needn't Bother.

Mistress—We will have breakfast an hour earlier to-morrow morning. Mr. Mann is to take an earlier train.

Domestic—All right, ma'am; you needn't mind calling me until the usual time.—Boston Transcript.

Convinced.

"Do you love me?" he whispered.

"Can you doubt it?" she reproachfully demanded.

He followed her meaning glance until it rested upon her sleeves, all crushed and shapeless, and was convinced. —Detroit Tribune.

Monumental.

"Nerve?" said the man from Newport. "Nerve? Why, that feller would go into a livery stable and ask them to let him leave his bicycle with them." —Cincinnati Enquirer.

One Redeeming Feature.

"This is a terrible world," said the misanthrope. "A dreadful world."

"Y-a-a-s," replied Cholly, "it does seem so at times. Still, the pwince of Wales lives on it, you know."—Washington Times.

Starting Fair.

The New Servant (who has never seen a cullender)—Before I use this, mum, these holes ain't none of my doin'!—New Budget.

A Middle-Weight.

Fisticuff—That fellow seems very big in the stomach for a prize fighter.

Wittimuff—Well, he's a middle-weight, you know.—New York World.

All Irish Now.

Tourist—Everybody Irish here?

Native—Yes. We used to have one Chinaman.

Tourist—What became of him?

Native—He moved to make it unanimous.—Detroit Tribune.

Just as Well.

Tommy—Say, ma, don't it make your hands warm when you smack me?

His Mother—Why, yes, Tommy, it does.

Tommy—Then, wouldn't it do just as well if you held them over the gas stove?—Pathfinder.

Wings or Sleeves?

Henpeck—I dreamed of heaven last night.

Mrs. Henpeck—What was it like?

Henpeck—I couldn't tell. You were in front of me.—Syracuse Post.

Small Bell.

Master (to new servant)—Why do you always ring that small bell immediately after ringing the regular dinner bell?

New Servant—That's to call the children, sir.—Pearson's Weekly.

A Precarious Time.

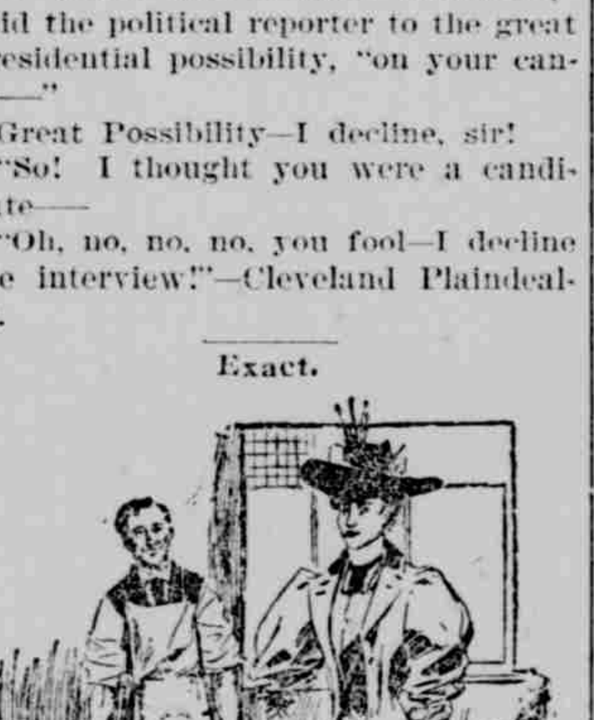
"I would like a short interview," said the political reporter to the great presidential possibility, "on your cand——"

Great Possibility—I decline, sir!

"So! I thought you were a candidate——

"Oh, no, no, no, you fool—I decline the interview!"—Cleveland Plaindealer.

Exact.



"Now, I want the room painted a very delicate color; a sort of pale grayish-pinky rose tint—in fact, a maiden's blush color."

"Yes, miss. About what age, miss?" —Judge.

An Outrage.

Old Soak—It's an outrage (hic), so it is (weeps)."

Rounder—What is?

Old Soak—Receivers (hic) have been appointed for the whisky trust and I am not one of them.—Truth.

A Gentle Hint.

Tom—I feel just like having a good time; can't we celebrate something?

Kitty—Why, yes; to-day would have been the anniversary of our wedding if we had been married just a year ago. Let's celebrate that.—Town Topics.

A Fellow Feeling.

"If dere is any invention dat I have a profound respeck fur," said Meandering Mike, "it's de founting pen."

"What's de reason?" inquired Plodding Pete.

"Dey never work."—Washington Star.

Prejudiced.

"Why is it you have so violent an antipathy to Righter's works. You never read any of them."

"Nope; but I smoked one of the cigars named after him once."—Indianapolis Journal.

Unpleasant.

Sandstone—Weren't you dancing with Miss Calloway last night?

Fiddleback—Yes. How did you know?

"I saw her going into a chiropodist's this morning."—Life.

The Awful Child.

Awful Child—Mamma said you were pretty old.

Visitor—Well!

Awful Child—You're old but not pretty.—Detroit Free Press.

WAS VERY GOOD ACTING.

Cool Self-Possession of a Man About to Be Hanged.

The "Three Sevens" outfit was camped in the cottonwoods district up on Paladuro Creek close to the line of No Man's Land, and everyone was busy, for it was the season of the spring round-up. No Man's Land is that long, narrow strip of the Indian Territory that prevents Northwest Texas and Southwest Kansas from coming into contact. Of course, it is out of the jurisdiction of either State, and for years Uncle Sam's officials zealously avoided it for many reasons. Late one afternoon the Sheriff of Broncho County came riding into camp, inquiring for Denny Murphy. The Sheriff's sudden appearance occasioned no surprise, for a warning of the same had preceded him fully three hours and, as a direct result, Mr. Murphy, one of the best cowmen in the whole outfit, rode calmly over the border and into the land where subpoenas came not and warrants lost all their vitality.

A few days before the fugitive had been on one of his periodical tears down in the little settlement of Quirtville, and had been far more turbulent and violative of the peace and dignity of Broncho County than usual. He had clubbed the piano player in French Pete's dance hall nearly to death with the butt of his six-shooter, had shot out all the lights and window panes in the resort; also three fingers from Pete's good right hand, and had then ridden away, defiant, vociferous and unscathed. The after-clap was now present in the "Three Sevens" camp in the shape of the sheriff and those documents that begin so sarcastically with the word "greeting." But, to use a slang phrase, the outfit gave the sheriff the laugh, informing him that Denny had "moseyed;" that, as a cowman, there was too much doing for him to spend any time attending to such minor affairs; that the sheriff would have to wait until the round-up was over and he had better get down, stake his horse and spend the night, for it was getting late and Quirtville was a long ride back. He was an officer of experience and not given to chasing rainbows.

During the winter just passed some of the cowboys had been visiting civilization down in Fort Worth, and had attended the theater. Their minds being still filled with the glories of the experience, they diverted the camp fire talk, after supper, to things theatrical. This brought out the sheriff strong, for he had in his day been all over the country and never lost an opportunity of attending the playhouse.

"Boys," said he, "I've seen a feller called Booth play the part of a devil, named Iago, so that my fingers itched to get holt of my gun. I've seen a dago named Salvini play a play named 'The Outlaw,' all in dago talk, but I didn't have to know that lingo to find out he was a worse used man than any that ever set foot in these whole United States. There's a woman, too, Clara Morris; she gave me a chill that lasted a week. But I've seen a man, a common, plain man, who could lay over them all. I saw him do just one piece of acting and right after I had to hang him. It was a good while ago, just after they first got to electing me sheriff. I had a man in the jail and two deputies were staying right with him all the time, 'cause we couldn't take no chance of his getting away, him being convicted of murder and waiting for his day to come to be hanged in. It was a mighty mean, low-down murder, too. Jury wasn't out more'n five minutes over it. His lawyer had tackled all the courts he could get into, but it was no go, and the fellow's time was sure coming; only a couple of days off it was. I think even right then old man Dunn and his carpenters were out in the jail yard working away on the gallows.

"Well, on this day when you could hear them carpenters knocking and sawing back in the yard, who comes into my office room where I was sorting out some papers, but this feller's lawyer and a little old lady dressed in black clothes. She was a mighty nice-looking old lady, leaning considerably against the lawyer, like she was nervout and tired. The lawyer tells me she has an idea that the feller we were going to hang was her boy. He'd been loose from her a good lot of years and she wasn't certain it was him, but she'd took up the notion somehow and wanted to see to make sure. Boys, I was broke up. I sorter felt her notion was right. These here women folks is what makes hangings mighty tough for sheriffs. When a man thinks of a feller's mother, it gets right next to him sure. Course I couldn't do nothing but agree, and I went with them, unlocking the doors and feeling bad. When we got to the cell, there was the feller sitting on a stool, reading a book in the light that sifted through the bars of his little window hole. The two deputies were right there, too, one on each side, looking glum and sour, for this guarding business is a tough, mean job. The feller was a big, stout man, over six foot high. He had thick whiskers over his jaws and chin. They were black as a crow and his face had the prison bleach on. He hadn't been taking any care of himself so he had a shaggy, animal sort of look about him.

"It wasn't much light in there, and there wasn't much room. The guard stood a little to one side and the man stood up as we came in, looking mighty curious at the little old lady. She was all in a tremble and staggered toward him, her poor old shaking hands stretched out. She was saying:

"'George, George! My poor, poor boy! It's your old mother come to you.'

"I'll never forget to my dying day how pitiful her voice sounded. There come a big lump in my throat right there. But the man kinder drew back and looked at her sorrowful-like for a second or two. His face never give him away nor his voice neither. He says:

"Madame, there is one happiness still left me. I can convince you of your mistake. Some likeness there might be, but I am not your son. I never saw you before in my life. My mother died years ago. She has been spared the pain of seeing me here as you also can go away relieved of the thought that your son is as I am.'

"He talked so steady, so sure, so naturally sorry for the little old lady, too, and yet so like the gospel truth that you bet I felt relieved and glad for her sake. She drew back and caught the lawyer's arm, saying:

"'It has been so long ago. I am very feeble and don't see well. The voice seems like, yet unlike. I must be mistaken. Poor fellow, I am indeed sorry for you and will pray for you.'

"Even at this the feller never turned a hair. Then we all turned and went out, leaving him and his guards just as they were before.

"It was all a lie. It was his mother. He begged as I never heard a human beg for me and the deputies not to tell; to save his mother from such a truth and her heart from breaking. We never told her nor anybody else. She's dead herself now, so it's no difference. Gentlemen, that was acting. Think of a man pulling himself together, meeting her so sudden, and then fooling his own mother without any preparin' or nothin'. That feller's nerve was iron, I tell you. There must have been some sort of a good streak in him, anyhow. He died plum game, too. I was a heap shakier at the hanging then he was. I hated to do it, but I had to."—Philadelphia Press.

A Wife's Tyranny.

She contradicts him at the head of his own table, interrupts his anecdote to set him right on an utterly unimportant little detail—say the date of a transaction, which he makes the 7th of September and she asserts was the 8th; she interferes in all his arrangements, and questions his authority in the stables, the field, the church, the consulting room; she apportions his food and regulates the amount of wine he may take; should she dislike the smell of tobacco she will not allow him the most transient whiff of the most refined cigarette and, like her brother with his victim, she teaches the children to despise their father by the frank contempt with which she treats him and the way in which she flouts his opinion and denies his authority. If she is more affectionate than aggressive she renders him ridiculous by her effusiveness. Like the "Sammy, love," which roused Dean Alford's reprobation, she loads him with silly epithets of endearment before folk, oppresses him with personal attention and treats him generally as a sick child next door to an idiot.

All out of love and its unreasoning tyranny she takes him into custody—in public as in private life—and allows him no kind of freedom. Robust and vigorous as he is, she worries over his health as though he were a confirmed invalid; in the hey-day of his maturity coddling him as if he were an octogenarian bordering on the second childhood. She continually uses the expression, "I shall not allow my husband to do so and so," or, "I will make my husband do this or that." Never by any chance does she confess his right to free action, bound as he is in the chains of her tyrannous affection. In the end she makes him what she has long fancied him to be, a backboneless valetudinarian, whom the sun scorches to fever and the east wind chills to pneumonia—one who has lost the fruit by "fading" about the flower.

Tricks of Animal Humbugs.

In military stables horses are known to have pretended to be lame in order to avoid going to a military exercise. A chimpanzee had been fed on cake when sick; after his recovery he often feigned coughing in order to procure dainties. The cuckoo, as is well known, lays its eggs in another bird's nest, and to make the deception surer it takes away one of the other bird's eggs. Animals are conscious of their deceit, as is shown by the fact that they try to act secretly and noiselessly; they show a sense of guilt if detected; they take precautions in advance to avoid discovery; in some cases they manifest regret and repentance. Thus, bees which steal hesitate often before and after their exploits, as if they feared punishment. A naturalist describes how his monkey committed theft; while he pretended to sleep the animal regarded him with hesitation, and stopped every time his master moved or seemed on the point of awakening.—London Telegraph.

Figures About People.

European boys at birth are from one-half to one centimetre longer than girls, Professor Waldeyer, of Berlin, told the anthropological congress that met recently at Cassel, but when grown up man is ten centimetres taller than woman. The average weight at birth for boys is 3,333 grammes; for girls, 3,-200 grammes. The European man is superior to woman in strength and height, but the muscles of the tongue are more highly developed in woman. Male blood contains 5,000,000 red corpuscles to a cubic millimetre, female blood only 4,500,000, while the average man's brain weighs 1,372 grammes to 1,231 grammes for that of woman.

Nicknames of Kings.

Edgar, the Saxon king of England, was The Peaceable, from his dislike of war. John of England was called Lackland, from losing a large share of his possessions. Frederick II. and Otto III., of Germany, were each styled the Wonder of the World.

Bicycles Ruined His Business.

A Portsmouth (N. H.) liveryman failed for $12,000 the other day. He says bicycles ruined the business. Three years ago he was worth $40,000.